

and we are planning to do research work after my return from Idaho. This is a glorious work and we hope that our lives will be prolonged sufficiently so that we may be able to continue in this noble cause for some time to come."

This history was taken from a handwritten account in a notebook written by Eliza and is in the possession of Ethel Horn Olson of Burley, Idaho, who is a granddaughter of Eliza. It is verified by another granddaughter, Lavira Horn Olson Galliher, of Porterville, Morgan County, Utah.

Eliza Ann McKee Chambers died at the home of her son George, November 10, 1939. She was buried in Pine View Cemetery, Marysville, Idaho. Her husband, Joseph Chambers, died November 22, 1927, at Thornton, Idaho.

LIFE OF JOHN HEBER MURDOCK

As recorded by himself

"I was born the 28th of April, 1854, in the old Church pasture in Davis County, Utah. My father was Joseph Stacy Murdock and my mother was Eliza Clark.

"As far back as I can remember is when we were in Carson Valley when I was about three years old. We had a milkhouse by the spring, and I recall seeing a big toad under a board nearby.

"When I was about four, we moved back to Utah and lived at White's Fort on the Bingham Creek about three miles west of the Jordan River. We had quite a number of sheep and cattle and also kept our neighbor's cattle. The winter was severe and we had no hay so the sheep and cattle had to winter out. Someone had to go out with a wagon and get the sheep that were starving and cold. They were brought home, and as they died, we would bring them into the log house and skin them by the light of the fire in the fireplace. The hides were worth money, and I guess we had to skin nearly half the herd during the winter.

"In the spring it was my job to herd the remainder of the flock. My brother Pick was my help, he was about twelve years old. Pick was an Indian boy whom my father had adopted, along with his sister, Pernetta, when they were small. Once when two or three of my brothers were herding with me, my brother Daunt, five or six at the time, decided to go home. Our house was at least a mile away but we were able to see it and to point it out to Daunt. When we got home that night, Daunt wasn't there. We and the neighbors got lanterns and set out to hunt him. We didn't find him until the next day. A Mr. Bill Hickman had gone out to look for cattle the night before, and heard wolves howling. When he went to see why they were making a noise, he found Daunt sitting by some big rocks on the Jordan River. He took Daunt to his home for the night.

"The only things we had to play with were jawbones of horses and cattle. We made wagons with them and constructed bridges, dugways, and canals to pull them over.

"The Bingham Creek was the only one that flowed from the west mountains into the Jordan River. The river was big, and we often herded our sheep near it. Whenever Pick would meet another Indian boy who lived on the river, they would get into a fight. One day we headed the sheep south toward Fort Herriman. Pick told me to stay with them while he went to look for water. Toward night I started home with the sheep when suddenly I was confronted by a big wolf. I was so scared I just hollered and ran right at him. He ran out of my way.

"If our cattle strayed on the south side of the Bingham Creek, many were poisoned from eating a flower which resembled a bluebell, then we would have another skinning bee. Pick always carried salt in his pocket and when he would kill a rabbit, he would salt it and hang it in a badger hole for his future use.

"The lanterns we used were purchased in Salt Lake City. They were made of tin and had holes for the light to shine through. Of course, we had to put a candle inside, and there was a handle on top for carrying.

"The women did their baking in iron bake kettles. These kettles had three three-inch legs, were four or five inches deep and a foot across. They were used over the open fire. Matches were not known, so at night we would bury the coals with ashes. If our coals went out, we would go to the neighbor's to borrow some. If their coals were out too, we would make a fire using flint and steel or gun and powder. Once when we were using gun and powder, half a charge of powder, about half a teaspoon, was put into the gun followed by a small wad of cotton rag. Steve Ross fired the gun against the bottom of the house close to the ground, but he didn't have very good luck getting a flame started, so he yelled for Aunt Jane to bring out the one-pound can of gun powder and sprinkle a little on the starting rag. The whole can exploded almost in their hands. One ran up the creek and one ran down the creek. When we caught them, they were both as black as Negroes. The can had cut Steve's thumb nearly off, and neither he nor Aunt Jane could see. Father went to Salt Lake City for a doctor who dressed the thumb and bled Steve. On Aunt Jane, the doctor cut a one-inch gash on each cheek and in the middle of the forehead—also one over each eye. Both victims were put to bed and recovered in time. That was the first time I had ever seen medicine practiced.

"Our house was built of logs, one room with a lean-to on the north for a milk house. Our furniture consisted of a bedstead built onto two walls. Curtains separated it from the rest of the

John Heber Murdock



JOHN HEBER MURDOCK
Son of Joseph Stacy Murdock and Eliza Clark. Born April 28, 1854, Old Church Pasture, near Salt Lake City. Farmer.

room. The children slept on four sheepskins sewed together and laid on the floor. We sat on benches made of slabs.

"We kept all our milk in the milkhouse which was about half underground. One day my mother found the cream missing off every pan of milk. She accused us children of taking it but we vowed we hadn't. Soon after that, she entered the milkhouse and saw a large blow snake going up the wall to its nest—she had found the guilty one.

"In the late summer, the Bingham Creek would dry up, and we would plow a ditch about a mile long in order to get the water to reach us. We would dip up barrels of clean water before the livestock muddled it up.

"I remember when my father brought me my first pocket knife. I was seven years old and had spent a week skinning a cow with a razor which had no handle. When Father took the hide into Salt Lake to sell it, the buyer praised it up so much that Father thought I deserved a good knife.

"During the time we lived on Bingham Creek, the Indians would camp near us. They would go into Salt Lake for whiskey and come back drunk, but one would always come ahead and warn my mother and my father's other wives. The women and children would hide in the brush and keep quiet. After the Indians had shaken the cabin door and whooped and yelled for some time, they would go away. One time though, two or three hundred Indians came and while they were there the Chief, Ammon, died. All night they carried on. In the morning we went to see what the noise was about. We found a dead yellow horse. The Indians had cut his jugular vein and he had been forced to run in a circle until he dropped dead. Then the Indians had taken their chief up Bingham Creek and buried him.

"Once my father came home from the range on a nice horse. As soon as he had dismounted, an Indian jumped on the horse and tried to steal it. My father was too fast for him though. He pulled the Indian off and kicked him and said, 'There, take that for trying to steal my horse.'

"We children used to go with our father and other men to wash the sheep so that the women would have clean wool to spin. A pen was built to hold one sheep at a time, and it would be lowered into the water of the Jordan River.

"My father had three wives in American Fork, and when we children were of school age, they would come to Fort Herriman so we could move to American Fork and attend school. My first school teacher was known as Aunt Edith.

"Once when we went to Grantsville to get some fruit, we cut off through the country toward the point of the mountain. I noticed a little hen following the wagon. I asked Father to stop, and

when he did, she jumped up onto the wagonwheel and I lifted her into the wagon. I guess she had been dropped off someone else's wagon and got lonesome. When we arrived at the point of the mountain, my mother showed us Black Rock in the Great Salt Lake. She said she had walked to it without getting her feet wet. Now, in 1933, the water is 20 feet deep at that spot. At my Grandfather Clark's we helped dry fruit. On our way home we called at my Uncle George Bryon's and he gave me a little dog which I prized very highly. Before I went to bed, I put it in the cellar and in the night I could hear it whining. I got up to see to it, but forgot I was sleeping on the bedstead, and fell off the bed and bumped my chin. I knew I had cut a gash in my chin, but there was no light to see by so I went back to bed. In the morning, the bed and I were covered with blood. I still have the scar on my chin.

"In the spring of 1860 my father was called to Wasatch County to act as bishop. We began to pack up our household goods which didn't amount to much. We gathered all our livestock and started for Wasatch County in the spring of 1862. We crossed the Jordan River on the first bridge which had been built over it, near the place where the Salt Lake airport now stands. We were nearly two days getting from our place to Parley's Canyon. We camped on Ferguson's Summit the first night and at Bill Kimball's the second night. The third night we were at Silver Creek where there was lovely grass and water. From there we passed on the right side of the big mountain by Keetley and to the Provo River. We camped there the fourth night among the big cottonwood trees. My pet colt died there. The next day, Eph Hanks came with two yoke of cattle from Midway on the west side of the river by Ben Norris's spring to help us. The river was so high we couldn't cross it, so we came down Valaio Creek to where Jimmie Thomas later lived. The grass was very high so we let the cattle and sheep eat while we waited for the other wagons. Aunt Jane laid her baby down to sleep and lost him. We hunted for three or four hours and finally heard a little noise by the oxen. There was the baby between the oxen. We camped there that night and started for Snake Creek the next day. Only three or four families lived there, and the house we were to go to was so small we couldn't see it for the tall grass.

"In the fall, Father took Aunt Jane over to Heber to live. The next summer, my mother and Aunt Nettie (the Indian girl my father adopted and later married) came up and Father built a little bigger house as there were now three wives there. His wife Eunice lived in American Fork.

"We all got the itch and Father would rub us with sulphur and lard, give us sulphur and molasses to eat and nannyberry tea.

It was 1866 when we went over to Heber as the Indians were troublesome. They didn't bother us too much on account of Aunt Nettie. All the people gathered from all over the county in 1867 into Heber and a fort was built. Another fort was built at Midway.

"All our hay had to be cut with a scythe. So did the grain and I remember helping to bind the grain by hand. As a young boy, I would herd cattle in the hills by myself, or go into the canyons for wood.

"Father was called on another mission on the Muddy in about 1867. He took two of his wives, Lizzie and Nettie, some of the boys and all the cattle and sheep. He left Mother and Jane and the rest of the boys and girls in Heber, and I being the oldest, had to look after things there. He was gone for about three years. I helped carry the mail by mule from Provo to Echo when I was about sixteen. When I was eighteen, I hauled freight to Uintah by oxen and helped build the road through Daniels Canyon.

"When I was nineteen years old, in 1873, I married Mary Gallegher. Her father was John Gallegher and her mother's name was Amelia. We lived in a little log house near where the Heber 1st Ward now stands. Three children were born to us there. Then we moved up the river into a log house near where Jordanelle now stands. I had 160 acres to look after. From there we went to Charleston. I was a school trustee, and helped make the Charleston canal. We lived there for about three years where another child was born to us. Then we went back to Heber and lived in the same house as my father-in-law. Here our next child was born.

"I was called on a mission to St. Johns, Arizona, in 1884. I sold all I had except horses, wagons and family. We set out on a journey that was to take twenty-five days. In St. Johns, I traded some of my horses (I had eight to begin with) for forty acres of land and a small lumber house. I helped build canals, operated a molasses mill, helped haul rock for a church school, and helped in general to build up the town. I acted as Sunday School superintendent, school trustee, and president of the irrigation company. I helped to build the first reservoir in that part of the country. When I learned that the men who lived on the other side of the river had no water, I called a meeting and asked for a vote to give them half our water. The vote carried although some of the men thought we were crazy to give up any of our water.

"I used to take my turn on guard duty to keep the Mexicans out of town when they would get mean and come to steal.

"While in Arizona I was ordained a high priest in 1886 by Elder Henry Platte.

"In October of 1890, Mary died in childbirth. In December of the same year, I returned from Arizona, having been released from my mission. I moved into a two-room lumber lean-to on the

back of my mother's house. We lived in that house until 1893 when my mother died and left me her house. It was the first rock house and had the first shingled roof in Wasatch County. My father died in 1899. He had been instrumental in negotiating a peace treaty with the Indians.

"When the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated in 1893, I had the privilege to be in attendance. The bishop told me I had donated more than any other man in Wasatch County. At that time I was choir leader.

"In December of 1895, I married Emily Ann Bond, the daughter of Stephen Alexander and Sarah Clark Bond. We had six children born to us: Marella, Leah, Paul, Thomas, Ellen and Edith.

"I was called on a mission to old Virginia in 1907. After a year I had to come home because of lameness in my hips caused by the damp climate.

"For four years I served as city marshall in Heber and was the first one in Utah to put over the prohibition laws. I had all the saloons in Heber City closed.

"In 1920 I sold out in Heber and moved to Pleasant View on the east bench of Provo. I bought fifteen acres from Thaddeus Cluff and tilled that soil for ten years. We sold the farm and moved to downtown Provo—257 East 4th North. After three years in that location we moved to Orem. We are located on the highway near Lincoln High School.

"1934—This year is the worst depression that I have ever seen, also the worst drouth. There is no work for men and no feed for cattle. The government is buying the best stock to can for the poor, and killing the poor stock for the fish. This summer I began painting birds. I work with watercolors and now have forty pages of bird pictures. Everyone who sees my work says it is very good for a man past eighty years of age who never had any training or previous experience.

"1935—I enjoy building furniture and toys for little children. My specialty is the jumping jack who moves his arms and legs as strings are pulled.

"1937—took a trip back east with daughter Marella and her husband George B. Stanley, my wife Emily, daughter Edith and nephew Gerald Buckley. We visited Niagara Falls, Palmyra, Joseph Smith's home, the Sacred Grove, Hill Cumorah, Kirtland, Nauvoo and Carthage Jail. Arrived home after eleven days with no trouble on our way. We are thankful for the opportunity to visit those historic places."

Note: John Heber Murdock died December 2, 1941, at Orem, and was buried at Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah.



John Heber Murdock, son of Joseph Stacy and Eliza Clark Murdock, was born in Church Pastures, Davis County, April 28, 1854. He moved with his parents to American Fork, and in 1862 came to Wasatch County.

In March of 1873 he married Mary Elvira Gallagher in the Salt Lake Endowment House. They were the parents of nine children: John Gallagher, who died in childhood; Amelia Brittingham, who married William Witt; Eunice Sweet, who married Orson Thomas Hicken; Eliza, who married Archibald Sellers; Mary Elvira, who died in infancy; Pearl, who married George Buckley; Joseph Stacy, who married Zina Hill; Sarah Esther, who married Glen Thurman, and Heber, who married Effie Morton. Mary Elvira died in 1890.

On December 14, 1895, John married Emily A. Bond in the Salt Lake Temple. They were the parents of six children: Marella Irene, who married George B. Stanley; Leah, who married Lee Kay; Paul Bond; Thomas Calvin; Ellen, who married Leland Stanford Patten, and Edith Mary Murdock.

John H. was an active member of the Church all his life, filling a colonizing mission to St. Johns, Arizona, from 1884 to 1890, and a mission to the Southern States in 1907 and 1908. He served on the High Council of Wasatch Stake and was president of the St. Johns Irrigation Co. and the Wasatch Irrigation Co. He also was president of the High Priests' Quorum and was active in the Sunday School. He served as a member of the Heber City Council, the Charleston School Board and was prominent in the Democratic party. He also had been a member of the brass band and owned the Heber Confectionery. He was marshal for several years. In later life he moved to Provo, where he lived until his death. At 80 he took up the hobby of painting and received several blue ribbons at county fairs.

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not far from where the present stockyards at North Salt Lake City are located. That cabin soon had to be built larger for his family grew quickly. In time four children were born at Church Pastures. Eliza gave birth to Sarah Ann on March 2nd, 1853 and to John Heber, always called John "H" on April 28th, 1854. In later years Sarah Ann, his first born, described their home at Church Pastures as being a two room cabin with a dirt roof and floor. She recalled collecting down from cat-tails to make pillows and making soap from wood ashes and tallow.²³

It kept Joseph busy keeping a home at Salt Lake City for Eliza and another at American Fork for Eunice while taking care of his cattle at White's Fort and watching over the church livestock at Church Pastures. Eunice would travel to their cabin at Church Pastures to help Eliza churn butter and make cheese, which they would trade for corn and grain. Extra butter and cheese was hauled to the tithing office at Salt Lake City where those in need could get it or it was sent back along the Mormon Trail to help those who hadn't seen fresh milk or butter in many months.

One day Brigham Young visited Church Pastures to see how Joseph was taking care of the livestock, and drove his buggy as far north as what was then called Sand Ridge. He stopped where a small stand of bushes were growing and looked over the desolate landscape. Then to the surprise of Joseph and others riding with him, he said, "Someday there will be many houses here, and a line of settlements from Salt Lake City to Ogden so close together that a person won't be able to tell where one starts and the other ends."²⁴ To those listening it seemed to be an impossible dream, but the spot where he made that prophetic statement is now located near the center of Clearfield City, one of a line of unbroken towns stretching from Salt Lake City to Ogden.

Joseph was always a good hand with livestock, and often took risks while herding the nearly wild animals. Stock ran on the open range then, so being a fast rider and swinging a true lariat were marks of the good herder. Another mark all herders gained in time were broken bones and assorted scars. Joseph had his share of both and often wrote of encounters between him and his livestock.

23. How Beautiful Upon the Mountains, Pg. 1074, DUP, 1963.

24. Interview with Jesse D. Barlow, Clearfield, Utah, August 29th, 1981.

John Reese purchased Mormon Station that fall and built a 30' x 50' log hotel, several cabins and a stock corral, after which the tiny settlement became known as Reese's Station. But not everyone liked the site, for in 1853 Bishop Edwin Wooley, while enroute to California, wrote, "*It is the most God forsaken place I was ever in!*"² But Oliver Huntington thought differently when he reported, "*Its soil and climate are equal to the best in the mountains, and its timber is inexhaustible.*"³

Carson County, Utah Territory was organized in 1854, and in May of the following year Brigham Young sent Orson Hyde to be the county's first Probate Judge. But the miners there refused to accept Hyde as their judge or to acknowledge the authority of the Mormon courts. Hyde wrote to Young requesting that he send a large party of settlers in order to assure Mormon control of the area. Hyde acknowledged that it would be a difficult mission, and asked Young to send "*only the strongest, those who can farm, work at grist mills or sawmills, or who are mechanics or artisans.*"⁴

Joseph Murdock answered the description of the kind of man Orson Hyde wanted, and although he was reluctant to leave his hard won homes, he tarried not, but outfitted two wagons, one with an ox team and the other a horse team. He also got together a mixed herd of horses and cattle ready for the trail. The mission call came during the general conference in April, 1856, just 26 years to the day after the church was organized. Joseph sold his homes at Salt Lake City and Church Pastures for what little he could get for them, but kept his land at White's Fort and Eunice's home at American Fork. Three of his four wives were to accompany him to Carson, including Eliza and her three children, Sara Ann and John Heber, both born at Church Pastures and Joseph Thomas, born December 15th, 1855 at White's Fort. Also going to Carson was Jane with her son David Nathaniel, born April 25th, 1855 at Church Pastures and Elizibeth with her baby Jonathan, who was born at Church Pastures on August 19th, 1855. The two Indian children, Pick and Pernetta also went with the family, only Eunice remaining behind at her home at American Fork. A wagon train of 54 families

2. Deseret News, July 30th, 1853.

3. The Mormons In Nevada, Pg. 11, Arrington, Las Vegas Sun Press, 1979.

4. Ibid, Pg. 14.